

# I'm A Little Teapot

The Twins

DEATH. DEATH TO THE WEST!

This is a beautiful little song requested by Bob Arnold.

There's something inside me  
It's, it's coming out, I feel like killing you  
Let loose the anger, held back too long  
My blood runs cold

Through my anatomy, dwells another being  
Rooted in my cortex, a servant to it's bidding  
Brutality now becomes my appetite  
Violence is now a way of life

The sledge my tool to torture  
As it pounds down on your forehead  
Eyes bulging from their sockets  
With every swing of my mallet

I smash your fucking head in, until brains seep in  
Through the cracks, blood does leak  
Distorted beauty, catastrophe  
Steaming slop, splattered all over me  
Lifeless body, slouching dead Lecherous abscess  
Where you once had a head

Avoiding the prophecy of my new found lust  
You will never live again, soon your life will end  
I'll see you die at my feet, eternally I smash your face  
Facial bones collapse as I crack your skull in half

Crushing, cranial, contents  
Draining the snot, I rip out the eyes  
Squeezing them in my hands nerves are incised  
Peeling the flesh off the bottom of my weapon

Involuntarily pulpifying facial regions  
Suffer, and then you die Torture, pulverized  
At one with my sixth sense, I feel free  
To kill as I please, no one can stop me  
Created to kill, the carnage continues

Violently reshaping human facial tissue  
Brutality becomes my appetite  
Violence is now a way of life  
The sledge my tool to torture  
As it pounds down on your forehead

WHOA. HOMOCIDE!